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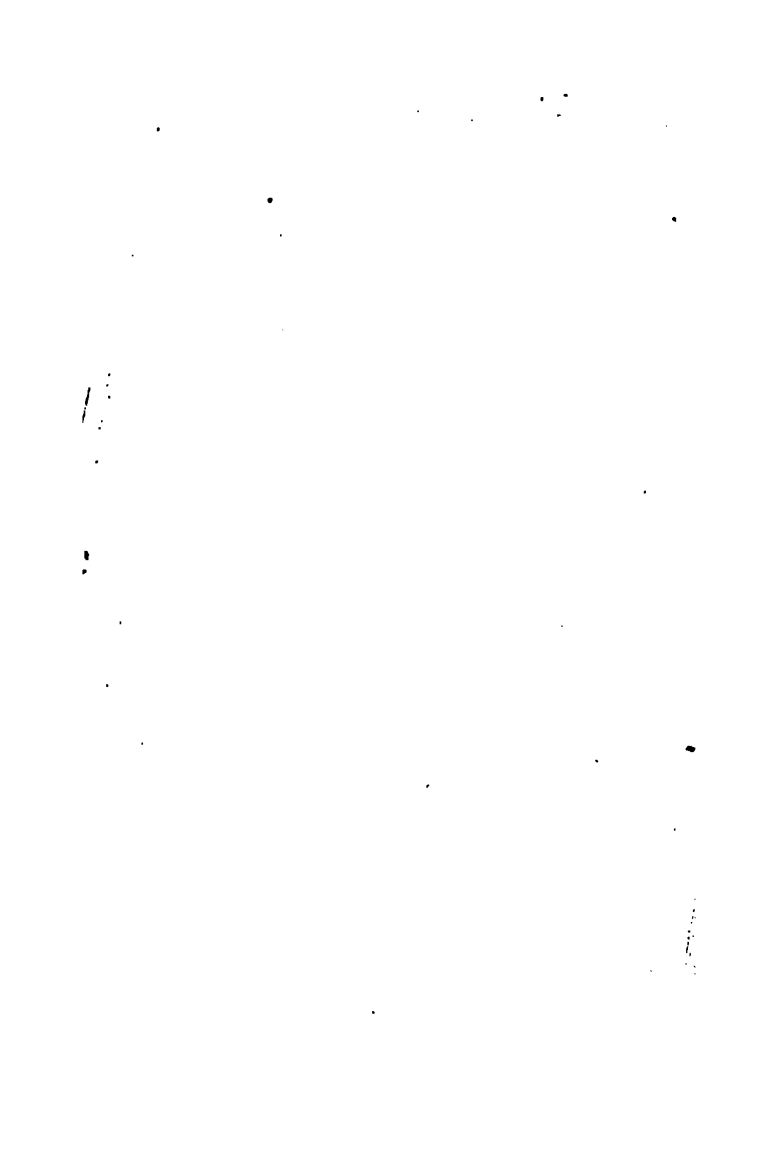
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THE
JUVENILE
CULPRITS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF
"THE JUVENILE MORALISTS."


Wellington, Salop:

Printed by and for

HOULSTON & SON.

*And sold at their Warehouse, 15, Watermarket-Row,
London.*

—
PRICE ONE SHILLING.
—

[Entered at Stationers' Hall.]

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

PHYSICS DEPARTMENT

PHYSICS 311

LECTURE 1

MECHANICS

LECTURE 2

MECHANICS

LECTURE 3

MECHANICS

LECTURE 4

MECHANICS

LECTURE 5

MECHANICS

LECTURE 6

MECHANICS

LECTURE 7

MECHANICS

THE

36

Juvenile Culprits.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"THE JUVENILE MORALISTS."

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"The poorest beetle that we tread upon  
In corporal sufferance feels a pang as great  
As when a giant dies."

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—•—

Wellington, Salop:

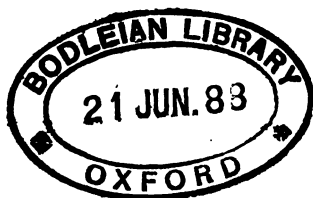
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MDCCCXXIX.

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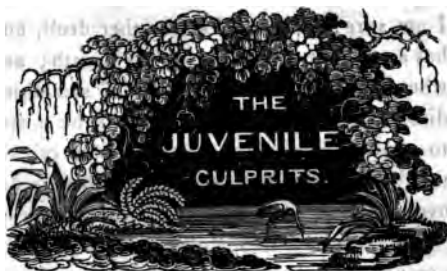
Personages.

MR. AND MRS. FAIRLAND.

CHARLES.		ELIZA.
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ROBERT.		FANNY.
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JOHN THE FOOTMAN.



*Mrs. Fairland, Charles, Robert, Eliza, and
Fanny, seated at the breakfast-table.*

Enter Mr. Fairland.

Mr. Fairland. WELL, children, you look very happy, and, I hope, are enjoying your breakfast: when you have done, I have something to say to you.

Robert. I wonder what it can be! Charles, can you guess?

Charles. No, Robert: but perhaps papa has some new book to read, or means to give a lecture on the globes.

Robert. Pooh! nonsense! it is not *that*, I am sure; for papa looks rather droll, and has a smile at the corners of his mouth; and whenever I see that, I know it is something diverting that is coming. I think he means to give us a holiday, or to play at cricket with us on the lawn when school-hours are over.

Mr. Fairland. No, Robert, it is neither the one nor the other.

Mrs. Fairland. I cannot help thinking, children, that your papa looks very grave.

Robert. Yes, mamma, so he does; but then he looks as though he *tried* to be serious; and indeed, mamma, he had a smile at the corner of his mouth. I will make haste and finish my breakfast.

Mr. Fairland. You need not be in so great a hurry; for what I have to say may not be quite so pleasant as you imagine.

Eliza. Now, Robert, do you think that papa is not looking serious? I am afraid we have done something wrong, and he is going to talk to us.

Robert. Well, Eliza, if any one has been

doing wrong, it must be you, or Fanny, or my brother: *I* have done nothing wrong, *I am sure*.

Mr. Fairland. Robert, you generally talk enough for your brother and sisters, as well as yourself. It would be well, if, on the present occasion, you could prove yourself as innocent as you think you are: but, indeed, you are so sure of it, that perhaps I ought not to doubt it.

Fanny. I do not think Robert would do any thing really wrong, willingly; but he is sometimes giddy enough; and is, perhaps, as much to blame now as any of us are. We all love a joke; but if we have offended papa, that will be but a poor joke, however much we may have laughed at it.

Charles. If, papa, you think we have been idle this morning, mamma will tell you that we were at our books early; and we can all say our lessons. Robert trifled a little; but he learns his lessons so quickly, that he is generally ready before us.

Mr. Fairland. No, Charles, I have no complaint to make on that score; and must ac-

knowledge, that, usually, you give me great pleasure by your attention to your studies. You appear, all of you, to have finished your breakfast in a very short time. Well, I must now tell you what I have to say; and hope you will be enabled to make a proper defence to the heavy charges I have against you, or to acknowledge your error, and give me a promise of amendment.

Fanny. My dear papa would not be so grave, if we had not been very naughty.—Mamma, I am afraid of having done something very wrong, though I really do not know what it is.

Mrs. Fairland. Your papa is going to tell you what it is, Fanny. But, whatever it may be, I must plead for you all, as far as is reasonable; for I do not know when you were more attentive than this morning.

Mr. Fairland. I am glad to hear that: but we must not pass by errors merely because some duties have been well performed. That my children should have such complaints brought against them, by perfect strangers, must appear extraordinary. But, as Robert

says *he is sure* he has done nothing wrong, we must, of course, pass him by : we should not punish the innocent with the guilty.

Robert. I am not so sure of it now, papa. But when I thought you smiled, I did not remember having done any thing wrong, and felt sure I had not; but I begin now to be afraid.

Mr. Fairland. Well, as the breakfast-things are removed, put your chairs a little further from the table; for I expect some friends.

Eliza, (rather impatiently.) But please, papa, not to let any one come till you have told us what we have done. What will they think of us!

Robert. No, papa, please not. I am sure, if I have done wrong, I will say that I have: but do not let any one come in.

Mr. Fairland. Why, my children, I can have no pleasure in making known your errors to others. But, on the present occasion, I can hardly dispense with company; for in the adjoining parlour are six gentlemen,—if I may call them so,—ready to prefer their complaints; and, judging from the injuries

they have sustained, I fear some of you must have been very guilty.

Children, (all speaking at once.) Six gentlemen!

Mr. Fairland. Only six are at present arrived. How many more we may have, I cannot tell; but I think the number too great already.

Fanny. There, Robert! now we shall all be taken to prison!

Mrs. Fairland. No, Fanny, I hope it will not end so. But, Mr. Fairland, we must not keep the gentlemen waiting.—Of what have they to complain?

Mr. Fairland. Why, my love, their complaints are various. One says, that, while standing quietly and alone, he was pushed forcibly into the mire higher than his knees, and that the accident is likely to produce the most serious consequences.

Robert. I am sure *I* did not do *that*.

Charles. Papa, there must be some mistake in what the gentleman says. Surely you do not believe him! We would not do such a thing: besides, we are not big enough. There must be a mistake.

Mr. Fairland. I am afraid the mistake will be found to be on your side of the question.

Mrs. Fairland. This is a sad piece of business indeed!—But of what do the others complain?

Mr. Fairland. One of them has been badly wounded with a long sharp spike, which, he says, was thrust through a part of his body when he was quite unprepared for such a cruel deed, and that it may cost him his life.

Children, (all at once.) Oh, papa! papa!

Robert. I am sure *I* never did such a thing in all my life.

Mr. Fairland. I wish I were equally sure of that, Robert; but, on the contrary, I fear there is too much truth in the complaint.

Fanny. Then we *shall* all go to prison for certain.

Eliza. My dear papa, believe me, these must be very bad, wicked people, come to deceive you. We never did such terrible things.

Mr. Fairland. I wish, my dear, to believe you in all things; but I cannot disbelieve the

truth of some of the complaints made against you. Indeed, I have made some enquiry into the affair already, and the account is very consistent. But we must enquire further.

Robert. Do, papa; and you will find them to be bad people, as Eliza says. I should not wonder at their robbing the house; for, if they will dare to say such wicked things of us, they will not mind what they do.

(Fanny wipes away her tears with her apron.)

Mrs. Fairland. Really, Mr. Fairland, I cannot think my children would be so wicked: there must be some error. What kind of people are they, that you believe them so readily?

Mr. Fairland, (with a significant look at Mrs. Fairland.) O, very respectable, I assure you. I should be sorry to judge my children unjustly; but we may have been mistaken in them.

Eliza. Now, if our own papa turns against us, we shall be ruined!

Mrs. Fairland. I am anxious to hear what else these people have to complain of; and yet I am afraid to ask.

Mr. Fairland. Another says, that he was most wantonly knocked down by a blow on the head, and stunned so that he was picked up nearly lifeless; that, afterwards, the coat on his back—the very best he had—was torn to pieces by the same person who knocked him down.

Eliza. Did you ever hear the like? I have no patience with them!

Charles. Papa, you have often told me that I was old enough to use my reason to a good purpose. Now it is not reasonable to suppose, that little boys, like us, could knock down a great big man; and if you will let him come in now, at this moment, I will tell him so to his face—that I will.

Mr. Fairland. Very boldly spoken, Charles; and almost enough, had I no reason to think to the contrary, to make me believe that you know nothing about the matter. I hope you will be as capable to prove your innocence, as to assert and reason upon it; but my mind misgives me. I never said, Charles, that he who has complained to me was a *great big*

man, as you call him; and perhaps, when you see him, you will not dare to say what you have said in his absence.

Charles. Not, papa, if you think I ought not: but I want him to come in; for, perhaps, when he sees us, he will say directly he has been mistaken.

Mr. Fairland. I speak seriously, children, because the charges against you are serious; yet be assured that I never shall believe you guilty of such things, without having the fullest evidence before me. If you are innocent, you have nothing to fear.—Another of your accusers complains, that he was, with others, sitting on the bank of a fish-pond; under the shadow of a tree, conversing on different matters, when they were all at once assailed with a violent shower of large stones, by which many of them were much injured: one actually had his leg broken, another was dreadfully bruised, and he himself received a blow that deprived him of the use of one of his eyes.

Children, (all at once.) Oh, papa! papa!

Robert, (aside, in a whisper to Fanny.)

There, Fanny, did you not see papa smile then? I am *sure* he did.

Fanny. No, I did *not*; and you ought not to be sure of any such thing.

Charles. Will you please, papa, to let some of these people come into the parlour; for I do not like you to think so ill of me and Robert a moment longer: my sisters can have nothing to do with the matter.

Mr. Fairland. I do not know that, Charles, and think they are not quite clear; we shall see that by and by: in the mean time, I will just name what the other complaints are; and then we will have the complainants in, to speak for themselves.—One of them tells me a deplorable tale indeed: he was absent from home, when some of you got possession of his house, damaged it very considerably, and stole from it the most valuable part of his furniture.

Charles. I should not be surprised if he were to say that we carried away his house on our backs; for the one thing is as reasonable as the other.

Fanny, (in a whisper to her mamma.) Do

you *really* think, mamma, that we shall not be taken to prison?

Mrs. Fairland. My love, I trust you will not; but these charges are very serious indeed. I cannot, however, bring my mind to believe that any of my children would rob a house.

Mr. Fairland. The last charge is made by the oldest of the party; and though it be not so serious as the others, yet, when I consider the respect due to age, I cannot but highly condemn it. He states, that some of you, out of mischief, tied something behind his back, which made him the sport of the whole neighbourhood: he tried in vain to untie it, and the crowd hissed and hooted him, until, at last, there was quite a riot; when they pelted him with stones, beat him with sticks, and drove him out of the village.

Robert. Well, I never heard such a made-up tale before, and do think the men must be tipsy.

Charles. And now, papa, is there any thing else these bad people have to say? for, knowing myself to be innocent, and believing my

brother to be so, I must think them bad people to bring such false accusations against us.

Mr. Fairland. There is one thing more that I forgot to name.—He whose house was robbed, after a time, replaced his furniture that was stolen away; when, one evening, some one went to his house, and took away his three little ones; since which time, he has never once seen them—but has heard that you had them penned up, in a dark, dismal place, where no other person could see them.

Charles. Well, I am glad we have heard all at last. And now, papa, what have you ever noticed in us, to make you believe for a moment such improbable things? I know we have very often behaved ill, and given you and mamma pain; for which I hope we are sorry: but I do not think any of us, ever in our lives, were guilty of any thing half so bad as what these people bring against us.

Mr. Fairland. Be assured, Charles, that, if I find they have imposed on me, they shall not go unpunished. We will now have them

in; and I shall very soon detect them, if they really are impostors.

(Eliza and Fanny get close to their mamma. Charles boldly turns his chair round, that he may be nearest to the men when they enter.)

Mr. Fairland. And now, my children, will one of you go into the other parlour, and request the party to walk in?

Charles, (rising.) Yes, papa; but I cannot think them gentlemen, nor behave to them as I would do to gentlemen.

Mr. Fairland. Stay, Charles. As you say you cannot behave to them as to gentlemen, it will be better for Robert to go; for in my house civility and respect must be shewn to every one.

Charles. Certainly, Sir, in behaviour; but I mean that I cannot *feel* that respect for them that I do for gentlemen.

Mr. Fairland. Well, let Robert go.

Robert. Ye-s,—ye-s, papa. But would it not be better for the servant to go to them?

Mr. Fairland. By no means. I should go

myself, but I wish you all to be accustomed to pay respect to strangers.

Robert. I need not go into the room, papa, I suppose? I will call out to them from the hall.

Mr. Fairland. Call out to them from the hall! And what, Robert, would they think of you, of me, of us all, were we to behave so rudely?

Robert. Well, papa, I will open the door; but——.

Mr. Fairland. But what, Robert?

Robert. I was thinking—it might be more respectful if my brother Charles went with me.

Mr. Fairland. Perhaps it might: but, as your brother Charles does not *feel* respect for them, and as I would not pay them more respect than is necessary, particularly if they are impostors, I prefer your going alone.

Robert. Very well, Sir. But there are not enough chairs for them here. If we all went into that parlour, would it not be better?

Mr. Fairland. Had I thought it better to

be in the other parlour, I should not have asked you to request their attendance in this.

(Robert walks slowly out of the room, leaves the door open, crosses the hall, and puts his ear to the keyhole of the opposite parlour-door.)

Robert, (talking to himself.) Plague on these fellows! if I open the door, perhaps they will shoot me.

(John the footman crosses the far end of the hall.)

Robert, (in a loud whisper.) John! here: will you please to open this door for me? the handle is quite slippery.

John. Try it again, Master Robert; for I am in such a hurry, that I cannot stay a moment.

Robert. But, John, here! here! just come here for one moment. I have something to say to you, and won't keep you a minute.

John. Very well, Master Robert: I shall be back again in ten minutes, and then I will come to you.

[Exit John.]

Robert. What a provoking fellow that is! he never will come when he is wanted.

Mr. Fairland, (calling out.) Robert! is that you that I hear? What makes you so long?

Robert. Well, if they should kill me, it will be my father's fault. (*Opens the parlour-door very gently, retires a step or two, and peeps through the opened door.*) I cannot see any of them: I dare say they are all together in a corner, ready to run upon me. (*Walks on tip-toe to the door, gives one peep, and then runs across the hall into the parlour.*) Papa! papa! there is no one in the room!—they are all gone, and the window is open! *I am sure* they have robbed the house, and got away through the window. They have left a basket on the table.

Mr. Fairland. You are so *sure* of every thing, Robert, that I must satisfy myself.—Fanny, my love, do not be so frightened; there is no one that will hurt you, be assured; otherwise, I should not allow them to come in. Notwithstanding what Robert is pleased to say, I have no doubt of finding

our friends in the parlour; therefore all take your seats until I return.

[*Mr. Fairland goes out.*]

Mrs. Fairland. My dear children, if any of the accusations against you be true, let them be promptly acknowledged: you well know your papa will sift them to the bottom.

Robert. I am sure, mamma, you cannot think them true; and though papa is certainly very serious, yet, now and then, I see him trying not to smile: and I should not wonder, after all, if these six gentlemen were only six pictures; or, perhaps, made of gingerbread, and bought on purpose to amuse us.

Eliza. How unreasonable you are, Robert! at one moment, you are *sure* they have robbed the house; and, at another, you would not wonder if they were made of gingerbread! Do gentlemen made of gingerbread rob houses?

Fanny. What will the gentlemen do when they come in, mamma? and how will papa find it out if they have told untruths?

Mrs. Fairland. O, we shall know all about that directly, for I hear your papa coming.

Enter Mr. Fairland, with a covered basket in his hand.

Mr. Fairland. I thought I should find them in the parlour. And now, children, all attention; for the friends of whom I spoke are most of them in this basket.

Children, (with surprise.) In that basket, papa?

Robert. There, Eliza! I *said* they were made of gingerbread.

Eliza. Yes; and you *said*, also, that they robbed the house.

(Mr. Fairland places the basket on the table, and takes from under the cover a wine-glass. The children all fix their eyes on the glass.)

Mr. Fairland. Let us now hear one of the complaints.

Fanny. Why, mamma, it is only a little fly!

Mrs. Fairland. Yes, my dear Fanny; but the least thing that God has made can suffer pain; and we have no right to afflict it unnecessarily.

Eliza. Poor thing! how it keeps rubbing its legs together, and moving its little round head!

Mr. Fairland. Though this poor fly has told me all about his sufferings, it has not been in the same language we use to speak one to the other; I have, therefore, put his complaints into our language for him, that you may the better understand them. Part I have from him, and part I observed myself. I will here read you the account.

THE FLY'S COMPLAINT.

"I was a happy little fly
As ever fled beneath the sky;
And buzz'd about, I knew not where,
In this vain world—nor did I care.
On every day, through every hour,
On tree, and shrub, and fruit, and flower,
I wing'd my way, in thoughtless glee,
And liv'd as happy as could be.
But pleasure swiftly passes by
With those who happiest live; and I,
Foolish and trifling, wanting thought,
Within a spider's web was caught.
The creeping, crawling, ugly thing
Espied me, with my glossy wing

Entangled, where I trembling lay ;—
Forward I sprang, and burst away,
And broke the slimy thread that bound me,
Just as his claws were clinging round me.
Yet scarcely was the danger o'er,
When I was happy as before ;
And spent the time, with others toying,
Every passing hour enjoying.
Around my roving eyes I cast,
And through a cupboard's keyhole pass'd ;
Buzzing around, resolv'd to drink ;
But, quickly sliding from the brink,
Down the smooth china, (sad to tell !)
I plump into the cream-jug fell ;
And none can know my grief and pain
Ere I had struggled out again.
Awake all night I shivering lay,
My wings besmear'd, and cold as clay ;
Or, if I slept, did nought but dream
Of china jugs and clotted cream.
It cost me many a pang to clear
My wings ; and they would scarcely bear
My feeble body from the ground,
Till seven long days and nights went round.
Again I roam'd about with glee ;
But still misfortune follow'd me.
Alighting on a table, spread
With many a dainty, I was led
To taste a while the goodly cheer ;
A thoughtless boy was sitting there,

And, rudely, while I sipp'd the treat,
He push'd me in the slimy sweet.
O! never from that time have I
Had power to wave my wings and fly.
My peace, my hope, my joys are o'er,
And I shall pleasure feel no more."

Fanny. Poor little creature! why then it must be the very same fly that Robert pushed into the treacle yesterday. Do you not remember, Eliza, saying it was very cruel? and Robert laughed, and said it had only got its mud-boots on.

Mr. Fairland. It is, my love; and I have preserved it with care, to convince Robert, and all of you, that it is a great crime to torture, needlessly, the least creature that crawls upon the earth. God made all things, and saw that they were *good*; and if, on account of their great abundance, or the annoyance they give us, or to satisfy our natural wants, we destroy the creatures he has made, mercy requires that it should be done with the least possible pain. But this act of Robert's was thoughtless, wanton, and cruel; and cruelty is the same in principle, though not in degree,

whether exercised in afflicting a poor fly, or a fellow-being.

Robert. Papa, I am very sorry for what I have done, and never again will I torture a fly. But what shall we do with the poor creature on the table?

Mr. Fairland. I hope, Robert, you are convinced of your error, and will keep your promise. We know not the use of very many things which God has made, nor how the comfort of our lives may be increased by them. It is enough to know that God made them, and that he made nothing in vain, to satisfy us that they are in some measure useful; and that we ought not, without a proper motive, either to destroy or injure them.— You have all read, over and over again, the lines—

“Destroy it not, for all things ought to live;
Take not away the life thou canst not give.”

We will now put this poor fly into the sun, to manage as well as he can, while we attend to him who complains of being stabbed with a long spike.

Fanny. What! is there another fly in the basket?

(Mr. Fairland pulls some oak leaves out of the basket, when a cockchaffer is seen crawling among them.)

Fanny. Why, it is not a fly, Eliza!

Eliza. No, Fanny, it is a spinning-bat; and there, see, is the hole the pin has made through his tail!

Mr. Fairland. This cockchaffer I saw yesterday, in the hands of my Eliza: it was whirring its wings, in great agony; and it gave me pain to see a child of mine so employed.

Eliza. My dear papa, I had——

Mr. Fairland. Stay, Eliza; let us first hear the charge, and then the defence. I have the former written down, and will now read it.

THE COCKCHAFER'S COMPLAINT.

“ I was born among the green meadows.
The leaf of the oak was my cradle.
Sweet was the morning breeze;
But sweeter the breath of even.
From the wood to the heath-clad hill,
Far over the waving corn,

I roamed with my companions.
We were sitting together in peace,
When the winds of heaven arose,
And the oak boughs were rudely shaken.
In a moment we fell to the ground,
And a thoughtless and wayward child
Bore me away from my companions.
I was hid from the light of the sun,
And the more pleasant moonbeams,
And wantonly and cruelly tortured.
My body was pierced with a spear,
And my whirring wings in vain
Sought to bear me from captivity.
It is said that we feel no pain,
But rather enjoy than endure
The pastime of the tormenter.
Who could invent the deceit?—
The cruel, the wicked delusion?
No one can tell our agony.”

Mrs. Fairland. Did you say, Mr. Fairland, that *my Eliza* was spinning this poor thing?

Mr. Fairland. As I passed into my study, to my surprise and sorrow, Eliza entered the hall-door with this cockchaffer spinning in the air.

Eliza. May I now speak, my dearest papa?

Mr. Fairland. Yes: I am ready to hear your account of the matter.

Eliza. As I looked through the great iron gates adjoining the road, I saw a little girl spinning a cockchaffer. I thought it very cruel, and told her, that, if she would give it me, I would give her a penny; which I did. Not knowing how to carry it properly, it flew up, as I held the string, just on entering the house. I put it in a drawer, and ran to Charles, that he might pull the pin from its tail; but, when I came back, it was gone; and I could not think how it got out of the drawer.

Charles. Eliza has spoken the truth; and when we both came to the drawer it was a little open, and the poor thing had escaped without our taking the pin from his tail.

Mr. Fairland. I believe my Eliza never speaks any thing but truth. I took the cockchaffer from the drawer, and am very happy in receiving so satisfactory an account. Indeed, it distressed me to think it possible that she could spin a cockchaffer; and I am sorry, my love, that I thought unjustly of you even for a moment.

Eliza. My dear papa, (*taking hold of his hand very affectionately,*) you are very kind to me; and I cannot bear to hear you say that you are sorry on this account.

Mr. Fairland. One error, my love, you committed: instead of giving the little girl money, you should have endeavoured to convince her of her cruelty; for, if you give a penny for every cockchaffer you see being spun, you will have half the young folks in the village go spinning cockchaffers.

Eliza. I see my error, papa.

Mr. Fairland. We spoke of some one having been knocked down; he also had his coat torn. We must hear him—his charge is a very serious one, (*taking from the basket a small paper box, and opening it.*)

Eliza. O! the beautiful creature! It is a butterfly!

Fanny. And just like the one we were running after on the lawn yesterday. Robert caught it; but he let it go again.

Robert. Yes, I just struck it gently with my hat; and, after picking it up, and shew-

ing it Fanny, I let it go again, and it fled over the wall.

Mr. Fairland. No doubt you struck it *very gently*: but if an elephant were to tread very gently on your foot, it might crush it to pieces. A butterfly is, as you well know, a very delicately-formed creature; for you have seen it through a microscope; and you know its wings are covered with the most delicate feathers, which are destroyed by a touch of the finger. You rudely knocked down the one now before you, and as rudely picked it up, pinching it with your thumb and finger; and though, when you loosed it, it made an effort and fled over the wall, it fell down immediately; and I picked it up with a leaf, and put it in this box, to shew you how much you had injured it.

Eliza. Why, papa, you appear to see us at all our pastimes, when we do not think you are near us; and you know every thing about us!

Mr. Fairland. I believe your mamma and I know much more about you than you imagine, and perhaps more than you know of

yourselves; and this enables us to correct errors which you scarcely know that you have committed.

Robert. I am sure, papa, I did not intend to hurt such a pretty creature.

Mr. Fairland. And I am equally sure that you did hurt it, whether you intended it or not. Knocking down butterflies, and spinning cockchaffers, are pastimes that are thought little of: but they habituate the minds of young people to cruelty; and those who are cruel to animals when they are young, will be cruel to each other, and to their fellow-creatures, when they grow older. —But we are not attending to the complaint before us, which, you know, ought to be heard. I will, therefore, read it.

THE BUTTERFLY'S COMPLAINT.

“And surely I have cause to complain. The life of a butterfly is very short: ought it not, then, to be very happy? He who made us, made us beautiful: should, then, our beauty be the cause of our destruction? We are clothed with feathers too delicate for aught but the breeze of heaven: is it reasonable, then, that we should be ~~grasped~~

by the rude hands of man? If man be gratified with our beauty, is he not ungrateful to destroy us? It was yesterday that I was roaming from flower to flower, unsuspecting of danger; and the sun shone so sweetly, and the breeze blew so lightly, that I cannot tell my joy. I had wandered far, and found the world bigger and fairer than I thought it to be. O, had I kept in the green fields, and waved my wings over the heath-clad hills, and never ventured into that flowery garden! then might I now have revelled with my companions, and still have roamed abroad from one fair spot to another. Suddenly I was smitten by the destroyer. Stunned by the blow, I fell, and was a while insensible: but too soon I awoke to misery; and found myself alone in a wide world, a poor disabled, mutilated, and agonizing butterfly!"

Robert. Now remember, Fanny, never to ask me to catch you a butterfly again; for I never intend to catch another.

Mr. Fairland. I hope you never will. How much better to admire them as they flutter their light, beautiful wings in the air, and rove from flower to flower! To gaze on a beautiful creature is very pleasant; but surely it is much more so to gaze on it when it is happy.

Fanny. But, papa, when it flies about, it does not seem to be our *very own*.

Mr. Fairland. Neither is it your very own, my Fanny, nor ought it to be so. If you were to desire every thing that is beautiful, how unreasonable would that be! You might wish for the very stars of heaven. What right have you wantonly to rob any creature of its pleasure? Besides, like many other things that are pleasant in their proper places, butterflies, when caught, lose much of their beauty. A dead butterfly, or one with his legs broken and wings torn, can never look half so beautiful as when, wild with joy, it wings its way on the breeze of heaven, making lovely nature more lovely.

Charles. I think, papa, you have a way of your own in giving us instruction; for though I have frequently thought upon cruelty as a sin, yet I never understood, so clearly as I now do, that by cruelty we are not only unjust to others, but deprive even ourselves of the pleasure we seek to possess.

Mrs. Fairland. Eliza, my dear, your papa will now let you put the butterfly in the gar-

den; though I am afraid its wings are so much injured, that it will never be so happy as it has been.

Fanny. Poor little thing! and I have been the cause of it: but it shall be the last time.

(Eliza carries out the butterfly very tenderly, accompanied by Fanny.)

Mr. Fairland. Make haste and return, for there are others to be heard; and one that I have left shut up in the closet in the other parlour will be getting impatient.

Robert. In the closet? Why, then, he is neither a fly, nor a cockchaffer, nor a butterfly?

Mr. Fairland. No: he is a thousand times as big as they are.

Robert. My word! I am glad that I did not go as far as the closet-door.

Enter Eliza and Fanny.

Fanny. Mamma, I do think the butterfly will get well again; for it fled a little way, and alighted on a rose bush.

Mrs. Fairland. I am glad to hear it. But sit down; for your papa says one of your

accusers is as large as a thousand cockchafers; and you will soon see him.

Fanny. And is he in that basket?

Robert. O, no! How do you think he could get into that basket, you silly thing? He is in the closet in the other parlour, and I am sure his head must reach to the ceiling.

Mr. Fairland. Not quite, Robert; for he is not a thousand times as tall as a cock-chaffer.

Fanny, (walking to the window, and talking to herself.) I wonder where my little butterfly is! I hope it will get well again.

Mr. Fairland, (overhearing her.) I am glad, my love, you have not forgotten your little friend; for such I may now call him; and I hope he will do well. But come; here is one who has lost the use of his eye—he must now be heard. I have been obliged to confine him, lest he should spring upon some of you.

Eliza. What, is he so very passionate, papa?

Mr. Fairland. Not exactly so: but you shall see him. *(Takes out of the basket a*

cabbage-net, in which a frog is seen sitting on a cabbage leaf.) This poor frog I picked up, as he lay on his back, apparently dead, by the side of the fishpond: perhaps some of you may have seen him before?

Eliza. Now, Robert, I told you, that, if you threw such big stones, instead of frightening the frogs, you would be sure to kill some of them.

Mr. Fairland. I saw, from the window, this poor fellow knocked down by a stone, just before Robert turned away from the pond; and I picked him up, that Robert might see how thoughtlessly he had acted.

Robert. Well, papa, if you will believe me, I only intended to frighten the frogs a little, and left off when Eliza told me to do so. I did not know that I had hurt one of them—indeed I did not.

Mr. Fairland. It matters but little to the poor frog what you *intended* to do. The injury you have actually done him is very great. You cannot, Robert, have forgotten the fable, wherein a poor frog says to the boys who are pelting him and others with

stones, "It is sport to you ; but it is death to us?"—But listen to the complaint I am about to read.

THE FROG'S COMPLAINT.

"Bright rose the sun on yestermorn,
A sultry summer's day ;
And many a lizard, frog, and toad,
In sweet enjoyment lay.

"I sat me on the fishpond's side,
With cousin Wide-Mouth by ;
And Peckle-Back was near at hand,
And Brother Goggle-Eye.

"A while we croak'd of stagnant pools,
And hopp'd about with glee ;
And much we moraliz'd, and thought
How short our joys might be.

"There came a tread ; and, suddenly,
We heard a splash of stones ;
And they were sharp and big enough
To break our very bones.

"In haste we sped in different ways,
For much we fear'd a slaughter :
Beneath the bank got Goggle-Eye,
And Wide-Mouth under water.

" I had a sad tremendous blow
That made me feel so queer ;
It knock'd me from the water's edge
I know not how nor where.

" We did no harm to living thing ;
And, therefore, why should we
Be injur'd, tortur'd, and oppress'd,
In wanton cruelty ?

" Grant we are base in human eyes—
Ugly, uncouth, and rude :
Yet He who made proud man made us ;
And He pronounc'd us good.

" Created things were made by Him ;
Nothing was made in vain ;
And guilty must he be that gives
Unnecessary pain."

Eliza. I do hope this will be a lesson to us all. Robert did throw stones ; but he says truly, that he left off when I spoke to him. He is very thoughtless ; but I do not think him to be intentionally cruel.

Mr. Fairland. It is thought, by some, to be less sinful and cruel to torment things that are ugly than those that are beautiful.

But how unreasonable is this opinion ! They are all the works of God ; and he has given them that shape and colour, and those qualities, best adapted to answer the end for which they were made. What we call beauty, is only that which pleases us to look upon, and may be the least valuable quality of all. It is frequently necessary to destroy what interferes with our happiness ; but it is as cruel unnecessarily to torment the ugliest toad that ever crawled, as it would be to twist off the neck of a canary-bird.

Mrs. Fairland. Are my dear children aware of the great advantage they possess in having a papa who is so well enabled to correct their errors, and who does it with such kindness ?

Charles. Indeed we ought to be. If papa were always with us, we should seldom do wrong : but I hope his lessons will not be lost upon us.

(A chirping is heard in the basket.)

Mr. Fairland. O, O ! my friend there is rather anxious to appear and prefer his charge. *(Takes from the basket a small bird-cage, wherein is seen a linnet.)* He had his

house robbed by you, or by some one. Little did I think any child of mine would ever be a housebreaker.

Robert. Now, papa, do you call it house-breaking to rob a bird's nest of a few eggs? Why, the birds soon get more; and almost every body takes birds' eggs when they find them. Besides, if the eggs were not to be taken, there would be so many birds they would eat up all the corn, and we should be starved to death. Why, Farmer Dickson's son told me, that they kept several boys to frighten away the crows from the corn-fields; and that they were shooting at larks, sparrows, and goldfinches, all day long.

Mr. Fairland. You talk so fast, and have so much to say, that I shall hardly remember one half of it. But how do you think I should like my chairs and tables to be taken away, merely because I could get more?—You say almost every one takes birds' eggs: but, if a thing be not right in itself, will it be made right by many people doing it? Farmer Dickson does right in frightening away the crows, and if he shoots the smaller birds

also, I cannot blame him : he does it to protect his property.

Robert. True, papa. But you have not said a word about the birds eating us all up, if we were not to take their eggs. Why, there would be so many birds, the world would soon be full of them !

Mr. Fairland. Truly, Robert, we are under great obligations to you for protection ; but, I dare say, whenever we are in such great danger as you speak of, better means will be devised to avert it, than encouraging young children, like yourselves, to harden your hearts by birdnesting. Let me ask you, Robert, when you robbed this poor bird of his eggs, if you did it to prevent the world being filled with birds, and the people from being famished to death for the want of corn ?

Robert. No : I did not think about that ; but only of getting the pretty little speckled eggs, and running a thread through them.

Fanny. Poor little bird ! how he pecks against the wires of the cage to get out !

Eliza. And see how he clings to the perch

with his little feet! We must hear his complaint, papa, that he may be set at liberty.

Robert. O, papa knows better than that, and won't let him go again, I am sure; he looks so pretty in that little cage: and we can take more care of him than he can of himself.

Mr. Fairland. I should think he would hardly like to trust you, after your treatment of him. Who is there that has ever heard these feathery warblers strain their little throats with all the melody that life and liberty inspire—who that has ever followed them, as they winged their way from flowery brake to woodland dell, rejoicing in their freedom,—can pen them up in a wiry prison, benumbing their wings, and changing their song of gladness to one of sorrow? Eliza, my love, reach us “Beattie’s Minstrel.”—How beautiful are the expressions there about confining birds in cages!

Eliza, (after reaching the book.) Here they are, papa; they are favourite lines of mine. (*Reads*)—

“ O let them ne’er, with artificial note,
To please a tyrant, strain the little bill ;
But sing what Heaven inspires, and wander where
they will.”

Mr. Fairland. This poor bird was not only despoiled of his eggs, but robbed of his young. After all the toil of building his nest—all the patience of his mate in hatching their eggs—after all their trouble in providing food for their young ones, just as they were about to see them leave the nest, and accompany them in their happy flights—then their little ones were taken away ! and hard, or thoughtless, must be the heart of the child who could thus wantonly inflict upon them such a calamity, without any motive but that of possessing what did not belong to him. The little prisoner must now be set at liberty ; but first we must have the statement of his sorrows.

THE LINNET'S COMPLAINT.

“ Oh, I have lost my little ones !
And every coming morrow
Will be, at best, a time of woe,
Of heaviness, and sorrow !

"The bush may bud ; the morning sun
Shed round his golden glory ;
The moon may give her light ;—but all
Revive my mournful story.

"For what avail the glittering beam,
Though bright surpassing measure,—
The silvery moon,—the flowery thorn,
When we have lost our treasure ?

"And why should man with envy view
The blessings that are lent us ?
What right has he, ruthless, to rob,
To ruin, and torment us ?

"We build our nests with anxious pain ;
Bring up our young with care ;
And then are left, despoil'd and lone,
To languish in despair.

"When cag'd, we do but droop and mourn,
And sing a note of sadness ;
'Tis no more like our woodland song
Than sorrow is like gladness.

"How happy were my mate and I,
What time the skies were fair,
And spring was smiling on the earth,
Around our tender care !

“ We brought them food from yonder dell ;
It was a sweet employ ;
And wav’d our wings, and trill’d our song,
Wild with excess of joy.

“ But now a cloud hangs o’er our heads ;
The past is turn’d to pain ;
And never never will return
Those happy days again.

“ Oh, we have lost our little ones !
And every coming morrow
Will be a day of bitterness.
Of heaviness, and sorrow ! ”

Fanny. Dear me, how very unhappy the poor bird is ! Oh, it is very cruel to rob a bird of its young.

Charles. We certainly shall never forget, papa, the lessons you have taken the trouble to prepare for us. I am sorry you should have had occasion to prepare them, but do trust that you will not again perceive in us a disposition to be cruel. Is it wrong for gentlemen to shoot partridges, to hunt hares, to fish, and to follow other sports that are so common, and wherein pain must be inflicted ?

Mr. Fairland. At any proper time I will readily give you my opinion on that subject; but at present we are engaged in the consideration of things so palpably wrong as not to admit of a diversity of opinion. Let us first go through with them; and then I shall ever be ready to give you my best thoughts on any subject proper for your years and comprehension. It was Robert that took the linnet's eggs, and the young birds; and though he meant to use the latter kindly, they all died: and you well know that Eliza wrote on paper, over the little grave she dug for them, the following words, which I copied with my pencil:

“ Here lie little linnets,
Surrounded with clay:
From parents and home
They were taken away.

“ Their shroud it was made,
And their grave dug by me;
And this bit of paper
Their tombstone shall be.

“ I gaze on their death-bed
With sorrow; and sigh,

'A bird is but dust; then,
Alas! what am I?'

I contrived to take the old linnet without hurting him, as he was moaning on the bush nearest to where his nest was builded; and now we will set him at liberty. (*Opens the window and the cage-door.*)

Fanny. O, let us give him something before he goes. Poor thing! I will fetch him some crumbs.

Mrs. Fairland. No, my dear, never mind; he is too anxious to go, to wait for your crumbs: besides, he has plenty in the cage.

(*The linnet flies through the window.*)

Robert. Well, I have acted unkindly; but no linnet shall ever say again that I robbed him. Yet, really, papa, if I were a bird, I would rather live in a nice, clean, gilt cage, like that on the table, and be fed every day, than be out in the wind and rain, and feed on worms and berries.

Mr. Fairland. That, Robert, is a mistake of yours. Were you a bird, your desires would be widely different from what they now are. Different creatures have different

tastes. If you give a dog a bone on a silver dish, he will immediately pull the bone from the dish and run away with it, preferring to gnaw it in the dust in secret, rather than avail himself of your unsuitable accommodation. And a bird prefers the hips and haws on the bushes, with liberty, to all the dainty meats you can crowd into a golden cage.

(A noise is heard in the opposite parlour, and a violent scratching at the closet-door.)

Robert. Bless me! that great big thing is getting out of the closet, I am sure!

(Eliza and Fanny draw near their mamma, and Charles goes towards the door.)

Charles. I am afraid we have more reason to fear having injured him, than that he will injure us.

(Eliza takes courage from the example of her brother Charles.)

Robert. Now I would not go into that parlour for a thousand pounds. Hark! did you ever hear such a scratching? It must be something with very long claws.

Eliza, (archly.) Perhaps, Robert, it is "but a picture, after all; or something made of gingerbread."

Robert. Well, Eliza, you need not talk so; for you look as white as a sheet with fear, and have crept up close to mamma. Hark! do you hear a growling? I think it is a bear! indeed, I am sure it is.

Mr. Fairland. I can hardly think it is a bear, Robert; for the cruel are generally cowards, and injure only such creatures as cannot defend themselves. I shall not suspect *my son Robert of injuring a bear.*

Robert. I hear a chain rattle! Papa, there can be no harm in bolting the door? Charles, please to turn the bolt: papa knows it will do no harm.

Mr. Fairland. Certainly not: but you are very circumspect. Were you half as cautious in giving offence as you are to secure yourself from it, it would be well. But, Robert, as the stranger appears impatient, you would, perhaps, pay him the respect of introducing him to us? or, if you had rather, you may go and ask John to do so.

Robert. Papa, I would not go into the hall for the world!

Mr. Fairland. Nay, then, I suppose it must be my business to go to John myself!

Charles. I will go to him directly, papa. But (*smiling*) perhaps Robert would think it *more respectful* to go with me?

Robert. Ay, ay, Charles, you may joke now; but when you get out into the hall, and hear the chain rattle, you will be soon glad to be safe back again, I am sure.

(Charles leaves the room, and when in the hall calls out, "Robert! Robert! come here directly!")

Robert, (*holding by the back of a chair.*) No, that I won't, I am sure! I knew he would be glad to come back again!

Mr. Fairland. Should the bear make his appearance, we must not expect much assistance from Robert.

Enter Charles and John the footman.

Robert, (*talking to himself.*) Now, Mr. John, if you have to go to that closet by yourself, I fancy you will be properly paid for

not opening the parlour-door for me just now. It will serve you exactly right: ill-natured folks are sure to suffer for it.

Mr. Fairland. John, go into the opposite parlour; and, if you find any one in the closet, request him to follow you in here. I wish to introduce him to my son Robert.

(Robert gets behind his mamma and sisters as John goes out, and keeps his eyes upon the door.)

Eliza, (to Robert.) I never saw any one before so frightened at a "picture!" Why, "you look as white as a sheet, and have crept up close to mamma!"

Robert. I fancy you are as frightened as I am, Eliza; and it is not a very proper time to be joking.

Mr. Fairland, (overhearing their conversation.) Nay, my Eliza, be not too hard upon your brother; for Robert is not without bravery: though he dare not meet a bear, he is bold enough to rob a bird's nest.

Enter John, leading in a mastiff by his chain.

(The dog barks.)

Mr. Fairland. Our guest is impatient to tell his story.

Charles, (approaching the dog, and patting him on the head.) Why, it's Farmer Jefferson's house-dog!—poor Bell!

Robert, (peeping from behind his mamma and his sisters, and talking to himself.) Then I shall stay where I am; for I fancy, if he see me, John will hardly be able to hold him. I wish I had let him alone: some *twit* or other has been telling all about it.

Mrs. Fairland. Do not crush me so, Robert: you see it is not a bear, but only a dog, and a very good-tempered one too. He is very quiet with Charles: why do not you go and pat him on the head, as your brother does?

Robert. O, I never was fond of dogs.

(As Robert speaks, the dog holds up his head, and begins to growl.)

Robert, (to himself.) I wish that dog a thousand miles off: I shall have him spring over the table at me. *(Speaking loudly.)* I don't think you are holding the chain fast, John.

(*Bell, hearing Robert's voice, again growls.*)

Mr. Fairland. Ay, ay, hold the chain fast, John, be sure. Perhaps Mr. Bell will be pacified by my reading his complaint for him. Should you not hear it better, Robert, on this side of the table?

Robert. I can hear it very well here, papa: I shall disturb mamma if I come round.

Mr. Fairland. Well, if that be the case, you are better where you are. I am glad to see you so considerate: we should ever be careful how we trespass on the comfort of others. (*Reads*)—

POOR BELL'S COMPLAINT.

“ I live at Farmer Jefferson's,
By name they call me Bell ;
And I have serv'd my master long—
I think I serve him well.

“ A throng of boys were by the gate ;
I pass'd in evil hour ;
They coax'd me with a piece of bread,
And got me in their power.

“ And then they gather'd pebble stones,
Which I may well bewail ;

They put them in a canister,
And tied it to my tail.

“ I fled affrighted at the sound,
Wondering what it could be
That ran so very very fast,
And kept so close to me.

“ Panting and breathless with my speed,
My tongue as hot as fire,
I could not leave my foe behind ;
He seem'd to come the nigher.

“ And still I ran with eager haste,
And cours'd the village round ;
And still that hated canister
Was rattling on the ground.

“ It seem'd some dreadful thing to me ;
Behind I durst not look ;
But onward held my flying course,
Through brake, and briar, and brook.

“ And then they met me in the lane,
And nearly broke my bones,
With broomstick, brickbat, broken glass,
And tiles, and sticks, and stones.

“ With beating heart, and weary limbs,
And drooping spirit sad,

I sank down at my master's door :
It might have driven me mad.—

“ And none can tell my misery
Till from that torment freed.
Whoe'er they were that tortur'd me,
It was a *cruel* deed.”

Robert. Now, papa, I will tell you all about it, as far as I know.

(Bell growls louder than before, and looks full at Robert.)

Mr. Fairland. The dog seems to be displeased at something behind you children: suppose we lead him round the table; he will then let us know what it is that offends him.

Robert. Please not, papa, to let him come a bit nearer. John, hold the chain as fast as ever you can hold it. I'll tell you, papa.

(Bell goes towards Robert, growling, as far as the chain will allow.)

Fanny. Please, papa, to send the dog away; he will frighten us to death.

Robert. Yes, do, papa; for I want to tell you.

Mr. Fairland. Well, John, suppose you take Bell into the kitchen; and Robert will go to him, presently, and give him a bone: it may put him in a better temper.

[John leads out the dog.]

Charles. I never saw poor Bell out of temper before: he will always let me do what I will with him.

Robert. Now, papa, I am afraid you will think worse of me than I deserve.

Mr. Fairland. Perhaps not, Robert: let us hear what you have to say. I am not, usually, severe with my children, except when they try to deceive me; and that is very seldom the case.

Robert. I was walking near Farmer Jefferson's, when I saw four or five boys, some of whom I knew, doing something at a dog. I went to them; and they told me they were going to have some fun, and asked me to join them. This I foolishly did; and when I helped them to pick up the pebble stones, and tie the canister to the dog's tail, I had no thought in the world of hurting poor Bell. I never saw a dog served so before, and could

not have believed it would frighten him so dreadfully. Indeed I am telling the truth, papa.

Mr. Fairland. I have no reason to believe the contrary. But how came you to join in throwing at the poor animal? this you must have known to be cruel.

Robert. I did not throw a single stone, nor any thing else at him, papa; for, when I saw him run away, and heard him howl so dreadfully, it frightened me to think of what I had done, and I made the best of my way home. I *did* help to tie the canister to his tail; but I *did not* throw at him, nor see him after he ran away till now.

Mr. Fairland. And what do you now think of tying a canister to a dog's tail?

Robert. I think it very cruel, and very wicked; and I never will, while I live, do such a thing again.

Mr. Fairland. Be not too certain of that, Robert; for how frequently are the best resolutions broken! I can readily believe that you knew not the extent of the injury you were doing to the dog; for once, when you

were all younger, I, without thought, slipped the string of a little wooden dog, bought at the fair, over the neck of a rabbit ; when the poor rabbit ran away frightened, at his utmost speed, pulling the little dog after him ; and would, no doubt, have run himself almost to death, had not the string caught some paling, and stopped him.

Eliza. I recollect it, papa, very well, though I was then a very little girl. But why should animals be frightened at what cannot hurt them ?

Mr. Fairland. Because animals have not reason to tell them, in their fears, what will, or what will not, hurt them. When a dog runs, with a canister at his tail, he, no doubt, supposes something is pursuing him ; and, in his anxiety to get away, has no time nor inclination to stop and examine his supposed enemy. Human beings act much in the same manner, when under the dominion of fear : not having presence of mind enough to enable them to ascertain the extent of their danger, they magnify it by imagining it to be greater than it really is. Thus,—

"In the night, imagining some fear,
A *bush* is easily suppos'd a *bear*."

And there are people in the world who have imagined a bear near them even in the day-time; *are there not, Robert?*

Robert. I really did think it was a bear scratching in the closet.

Eliza. Papa, did you not tell us, the other day, when mamma's favourite cat died, that you would write down what she might be supposed to think of before her death? You have given us the complaints of the poor creatures who were used ill; and it would be very pleasant to have the tribute of gratitude from one who was used kindly.

Mr. Fairland. Yes, my Eliza, poor Tabby was treated very kindly by your mamma; and I did write down what, in her dying moments, would have been suitable to her situation, could she have reasoned as we do. I have the words folded in my pocket-book, and will therefore read them now. I am glad you have not forgotten poor Tabby.

(*Mr. Fairland reads*)—

POOR TABBY'S
ADDRESS TO HER MISTRESS,

In her dying hour.

“Stay, mistress kind, a moment stay ;—
Ere I forgotten be,
This remnant of my dying day
I dedicate to thee.

“Cats have no speech, with smooth address,
The melting heart to steal ;
But they can value tenderness,
And deeds of mercy feel.

“’Tis not for me with words to tell
What in my heart is written ;
But I remember well, full well,
Your kindness from a kitten.

“’Tis now some thirteen years, or more,
Since me (an outcast stranger !)
You kindly welcom’d to your door,
And rescued me from danger.

“And should there be, ere I depart,
No gratitude express’d,
Sure I must have a harder heart
Than ever cat possess’d.

“ From summer’s heat I found redress ;
You gave the liquid store :
O, had I streams of happiness !
Then you should thirst no more.

“ When wintry winds have howl’d around,
And night the skies o’ercast,
I slumber’d sweet, in sleep profound,
Nor fear’d the raging blast.

“ And oft, while frown’d the tempest dire,
Forgetting all my woes,
Have I sat purring, by the fire,
A wish for your repose.

“ I feel my latter end draw nigh ;
Be every grief resign’d !
I liv’d content ; and now I die
In peace with all catkind.

“ No guilty crimes, of deep distress,
Appal with fear and terror :
Yet, soft ; ’tis meet that I confess
I am not free from error.

“ O, mistress dear ! has it been thine
To soothe me in distresses ?
And has ingratitude been mine
For all thy kind caresses ?

"It has ; for I, on bason's brink,
(It pains me while I utter,)
Have dipp'd my whiskers in your drink,
And stole your meat and butter.

"But, still ! suppress'd be every sigh ;
For see, by sorrow driven,
A herald tear has left your eye
To tell me I'm forgiven !

"And, till my closing life shall cease,
In strains, however rude,
My latest breath shall purr in peace,
And mew my gratitude."

Eliza. Thank you, papa. I will learn these verses, for I loved poor Tabby ; and, whenever I repeat them, they will bring her to my mind.

Mrs. Fairland. And would it not be well for you all to learn the Complaints of the poor creatures who were injured ? You would then think upon the past ; and it might have a good effect upon the future.

Charles. Indeed, mamma, I intended to do so ; and will begin this very day.

Robert. And I am sure I will learn them

all. But, papa, what shall I do about poor Bell? I am afraid, the first time he meets me, he will lay hold of me by the leg; and I did not intend to do him any harm.

Mr. Fairland. We will manage that somehow or other; for I believe you did not mean to be cruel to him. You shall accompany me to the kitchen, by and by; and we will see what effect will be produced by your giving him a bone or two, and behaving kindly to him. And now, my dear children, let not this day be forgotten. I have endeavoured to reprove you in a way somewhat playful, but most likely to be remembered. You have been rather thoughtless than cruel, and will not, I think, again fall into the same errors. I shall never advert to the past with severity, unless you again offend; and I trust you will not reproach each other.

Mrs. Fairland. Some of you have scarcely offended at all; but that must not induce you to neglect your papa's advice not to reproach each other.

Mr. Fairland. Be not led astray by the

delusion that a thing must be right because others do it, or that it is less cruel to torment a little animal than a great one. If a deed be evil, though practised by the world, it is evil still; and cruelty is not changed in its nature, whether exercised in tormenting an ant or an elephant. You have all expressed your sorrow for the past, as far as you have acted wrong, and your determination to avoid cruelty in future. But, my dear children, remember your best determinations are of no avail, so deceitful are human hearts, unless accompanied by *His* blessing who has commanded us to do unto others as we would they should do unto us. *Forget not, then, humbly to seek that assistance from him which he alone can give.* His Holy Scriptures inculcate acts of mercy to man and beast: they exhort us to *be kind one to another*; they tell us that *the righteous man is merciful to his beast*; they inform us that *God careth for oxen, and feedeth the young ravens when they cry*; yea, that so benevolently watchful is the almighty Creator and Redeemer of the world over his works, that the *very hairs of*

*our head are numbered ; and, without him, not
a sparrow falleth to the ground.*

O. O. O.

The End.

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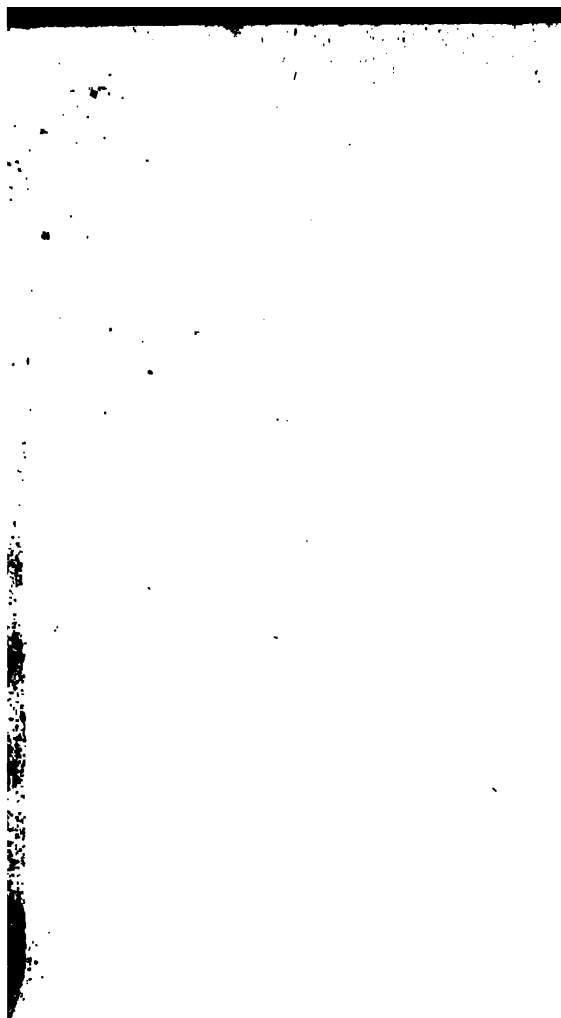
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